THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1808.

MADAME CATALANI.

ANGELICA CATALANI, the celebrated Italian singer, whose vocal abilities last season delighted every amateur, is a native of Sinigolia, near Rome. She was born in the year 1782, of respectable parents, who were so unfortunate as to lose all their property through the rapacious incursions of the French; and to the filial piety of his daughter, Signor Catalani is now principally indebted for a genteel maintenance. At a very early age the lovely Angelica was noticed and patronized by the Cardinal Onorati, who used every exertion which benevolence could suggest to improve her astonishing talents. She appeared first on a public stage at Milan, where she cultivated the friendship of the celebrated Signor Marchesi, from whom she received such valuable instructions as gave her every requisite for a professional singer.

In the city of Lisbon, Monsieur Valebreque, an officer in Moreau's army, was captivated by her numerous attractions, and the attachment being mutual, they were married, and still continue to enjoy the utmost conjugal felicity, though

she still prefers retaining her maiden name, it being that under which she acquired such public fame on the Continent.

On the 13th of December, 1807, she made her first appearance at the Opera House, where she was engaged for three years, at the enormous salary of 2000l. for the season. She was received with the most rapturous applause, and still continues to be a magnet of undiminished attraction. Her performance displays the most exquisite sensibility; and it is not easy to determine, whether the beauty of her countenance, the gracefulness of her deportment, or her astonishing powers of voice, lay the greatest claim to our admiration. Her execution is most astonishing; she can run from the highest note to the lowest, with extraordinary flexibility and taste; and she is not only the first singer on the stage, but possesses the advantage of being a very excellent actress, a point in which most of our vocalists are lamentably deficient. Her figure is finely formed, and her every motion is majestic: she has expressive features, eyes dark and brilliant, which command respect, while they assist her in pourtraying all the grand passions of the soul.

To this description of her person and qualifications it is but justice to add, that her mind is equally enriched with mental excellence. She has met with encouragement and protection from foreign courts; and, although with *English prejudice*, we must wish such immense sums to be spent only on the deserving of our own country, we must with *English hospitality* make her welcome here, and give her no cause to censure us for illiberality, or that stupidity which cannot justly appreciate beauty, virtue, and talent, although it be an exotic.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. IV.

. . . . . "Didst thou but know,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child." * * *

I CALLED yesterday at the lodging of the poor unhappy female, of whom I made mention in my second paper; I found her habitation such as I expected; the vestiges of former comforts still remained, but poverty had fixed his destructive grasp on the decaying remnants, and wretchedness seemed the predominant feature. Mrs. Morrison received me with as much courtesy, as if her apartment had been such as she had once been accustomed to; and so infatuating is real gentility of manners, that in a few minutes the shabbiness of every thing around me was forgotten.

"I know not," said I, "whether this visit seems impertinent, but the motive will, I trust, be my excuse.—I wish to know in what manner I can render you more permanent service, than a mere act of temporary assistance."—"I am grateful for your intention," she replied, "but have little to hope for in this world. I will, since you seem desirous of knowing my story, acquaint you faithfully with every particular: you will, without doubt, think me to blame, but Heaven has, in its justice, punished me with severe affliction. I was the daughter of a reputable farmer, and was reared with every indulgence which our situation in life afforded: my father was possessed of considerable property, and had been better educated than the generality of men in his sphere; but some untoward circumstances in early life, had given him a disgust of female accomplishments, and he, in consequence, resolved that I should merely be educated in a plain way, and I was therefore withheld from the acquisition of every talent which might have enabled me to

support myself in the hour of adversity. Unfortunately for me, a regiment of infantry was quartered in the next market town, and as I usually accompanied the girl who went thither, to sell the produce of our farm, I occasionally met with some of the officers at the houses where I visited: one of them thought proper to pay me particular attention, and at length took the liberty of following me home. My father was much alarmed; but as the ensign had been successful enough to interest my inexperienced heart, you may believe it was no easy matter to separate us entirely. My father, however, was at length persuaded to consent to our union, and we lived in the utmost harmony and comfort till the regiment was ordered to Quebec. I accompanied my husband to that place, where his bravery was rewarded with promotion. We remained there four years, in which interval I had the misfortune to lose a tender father, a loss for which I was in some degree consoled by the birth of a lovely girl. We returned to England, and I had every prospect of affluence and comfort, when war again renewed its horrors, and my husband was ordered on an expedition, in which no females were permitted to accompany them. Alas! in that fatal expedition he lost his life, and I was left, with my infant, to subsist on the slender pension allowed an officer's widow; for we had improvidently lived up to our income, and of all that had reverted to us on my father's death, little remained but a few shewy articles of furniture, &c. The shock of my misfortune at first took from me all power of exertion; but when I so far recovered myself as to think what was necessary to be done, I made application to some of my husband's friends, and procured sufficient needlework to afford us a decent subsistence. As Caroline grew up, my whole soul was wrapped in her; I beheld her personal improvements with all the proud delight of a fond mother; and instead of impressing her mind with a proper sense of her present dependant and precarious situation, I weakly suffered her to entertain ideas of self-importance, which it was no longer in our power to maintain. As I was still

young, and not uncomely, I had several offers of marriage, all of which I should have refused, but for the welfare of my child. To secure to her some respectability in the world, I gave my hand to a tradesman, who seemed a man of worth and probity; but the coarseness of his manners was a great drawback on my happiness, and as I brought him no family, I perceived that he soon begun to view my daughter with an eye of envious malignity. —The most selfish, mean jealousy actuated him, in wishing me to send her away; he could not endure to behold my fondness for her, and frequently reproached me on account of it, with all the bitterness of which ignorance is capable. To preserve peace at home I sent her to a boarding-school, where she remained till she was sixteen, and during which time I was the slave, rather than the wife, of a man whom I could neither love nor respect. Intemperance shortened his days; but who can imagine the anguish of my disappointment, when, on an examination of his affairs, it was discovered, that instead of his possessing considerable property, he actually died insolvent! I was thus left more destitute than before, for my pension was forfeited by my second marriage, and all our effects were sold to discharge the debts which Morrison had contracted. To my darling child I looked for consolation, and immediately brought her to the humble home which adversity had allotted to me; but here again calamity awaited me; Caroline looked round her with an air of contempt; her mind was unprepared for such a change, and I saw too plainly that she could never reconcile herself to it. I told her how we were situated, and endeavoured to encourage her with hopes of future good fortune. Caroline appeared patient, but not convinced; she returned my caresses with an air of mortification, and though she wished me to believe her satisfied, I could perceive that an air of discontent clouded her features. To labour for this beloved child, was now my chief delight: when her eyes were closed in sleep, often

would I sit up the whole dreary night, without a spark of fire, that my task of work might be completed the sooner, and the produce of my toil be expended to procure her some little luxury, to bring smiles of satisfaction on a face so dear to me. To the severe colds caught in this manner, and the mental struggles I endured in the hope of concealing the extent of our wretchedness from Caroline, can I alone attribute this dreadful malady which has thus deprived me of every resource."—"But your daughter," said I, impatiently interrupting her, "did she not assist you?"—"A little," replied Mrs. Morrison—"But she was too delicate to endure hardship, and every tear she shed, fell as a reproach to me for my second marriage. I used to send her home with my work, and thought the air and exercise would be beneficial to her health and spirits.—Once, when sorely pressed by necessity, I suggested the idea of servitude—the colour rose in her cheeks at the mention of it, and though I assured her I would think no more of it, I perceived it rendered her unusually thoughtful for several days. Attributing her unwillingness to leave me to personal affection, instead of the real motive, which was undoubtedly pride, I redoubled my tenderness to her, and toiled incessantly to procure her fresh indulgencies. One morning I sent her as far as Portman-square with work: knowing she would be much fatigued, and uncertain whether the money would be paid immediately, I remembered a valuable shirt pin which had belonged to Morrison, and which, with some other trinkets, had been presented me by his creditors, and put away by me in a small trunk under my bed. This pin I resolved to sell, in the idea of purchasing some nicety for my girl's dinner, when she should return. I therefore searched for it in the box, but was greatly surprised that it was not there, neither could I find the rest of the trinkets; I thought Caroline might have put them into another place, and was preparing to close the box, when recollecting that the picture of my dear girl's father was there, I felt desirous to gaze

once more on his dearly-remembered features. I unclosed the morrocco case, but the portrait was gone. How to account for this mystery, I was unable: the miniature was set round with pearls of value; but no distress should have induced me to spare it. Breathless with agitation, I waited the return of Caroline. Her stay was unaccountably long: unable to work, I flew to the window, and strained my aching eyes in the hope of discovering her. Evening drew on, and Caroline came not. A secret impulse of terror occasioned me to look in the drawer which contained her scanty wardrobe—Every article was gone! Who can imagine my distraction? Like a one bewildered, I hastened through the streets to Portman Square. With hurried accents I enquired of the servants, whether my daughter had brought home lady M——'s linen? The man, seeing the state I was in, requested me to walk down stairs. Imagining my child was there, joy animated my heart; but, alas! how severe was my disappointment! They informed me, that Caroline had been there at twelve o'clock; and that she had received the money for the work, and went away with a bundle, "which," said the housekeeper, "I wondered at, as she was not dressed fit to carry parcels —but I think she did not *walk* all the way."—"How do you mean?" I asked; "she was dressed very plainly when she left home." "Plain enough, to be sure," replied the housekeeper; "but I did not think a riding habit a proper dress for one in her situation."—I gave a shriek of horror; the dreadful truth struck me like an electrical shock, and I fell motionless on the kitchen floor. They humanely put me to bed; but I found on recovering, that I had entirely lost the use of my right side. I was removed to the hospital, and received some generous asssistance from lady M——; and as soon as I got sufficient strength to move, returned to my desolate home.

"The cruelty and ingratitude of Caroline, the dreadful affliction with which it had pleased the Almighty to visit

me, all conspired to destroy my natural energy of mind; and I only prayed for a total suspension of my misery. In about two months I received a letter from my unworthy daughter. She acknowledged her fault, and implored my forgiveness; assured me she was well, and *happy* under the protection of a nobleman, who would do every thing to serve me; and enclosed a ten pound note in earnest of his future intentions.

"In all the fury of offended virtue and a wronged parent, I tore his note to pieces; and having, to my infinite horror, discovered by the seal, that reparation was out of his power, being a married *libertine*—I enclosed the fragments in a letter, of which I have yet a copy."—Mrs. Morrison then took a paper from a drawer, and gave it me to read, while tears of bitter recollection ran down her aged cheeks:

"TO LORD M———.

"If money could be of any use to me, it would be only as the mean of publishing your villany to the world; but, though you respect not my feelings, I have some regard for those of the amiable woman who has the misfortune to call such a wretch, husband. Vile betrayer of innocence, tremble! the curses of a distracted mother will draw down heavy retribution on your head:—her child, too, will one day curse you! Tell her from me, that I renounce her, if she is, if she can be *happy*.—I will not attempt to paint my own misery; nothing can now add to it, or diminish it—least of all, the base price of her infamy.—You see the use I have made of it. But tell her, that when forsaken by you, and despised by the rest of the world, let her come penitent to her mother, and she will find her arms open to receive her, if sorrow has not before that hour closed her eyes in the sleep of death.

"M. MORRISON."

"From that time," said Mrs. Morrison, "I heard no more of them. I suppose his lordship, offended by my vehemence, has forbidden any further intercourse; and I have no wish to share the wages of iniquity. Unable to work, I was obliged to beg; and though I have often drank the bitter tears of anguish, I thank my God, that neither sin nor shame has been mingled in the cup."

My tears fell with the poor creature's, as she concluded her affecting recital. I attempted not to offer consolation; it would but have been to aggravate her misery. Surely, if there is a crime which calls for the vengeance of the Most High, it is that of the undutiful, ungrateful child, who repays the pangs, the pains, of a mother's affection with impious neglect. I cannot express myself on this subject better than by adopting the language of a sensible author, who says, "What must the situation of such children be, if there is any sensibility, any thing like affection in their hearts, when they stand at the death-bed of an insulted parent, and reflect, that they have planted thorns in the pillow from which the last prayer is to be offered up for them? Not a thanksgiving prayer for the blessing of a dutiful and affectionate child; but a prayer, extorted by parental affection, that the filial sins of the child may be pardoned, and that the curse which hangs over their heads may never fall. The children who know that they can only be the subject of such a prayer, must be dead to every better feeling, if their souls are not torn with poignant anguish, when they behold a lifeless parent, to whom they can make no concessions, do no kind office; but find, when it is too late, that all is past but bitter repentance*!"

My feelings have drawn me into the recital of this melancholy story, forgetful of the letters which I promised to transcribe, and which must now unavoidably be deferred till my next paper.

* Obsolete Ideas, page 16.

THE SHIELD AND SPECTACLES.

AN ALLEGORICAL ROMANCE.

BY E. F.

"I fear that in our disregard for Romance, we have also neglected the heroic virtues which formed its basis, and that Love, Honour, and Friendship, offended at the disrespect shewn them, have quitted an island in which they once had such powerful dominion."

IN the earliest age of chivalry, the amiable prince Junius was distinguished from all his contemporaries, for the elegance of his manners, and the virtues which enriched his mind. During his minority, being an orphan, the sage Prudentia, his maternal aunt, was appointed to the regency by the unanimous voice of the people, and conducted herself in that important office with such judgment and discretion, as to secure the esteem and confidence of the whole empire over which she reigned. Among the numerous courtiers who aspired to the favour of the youthful prince, was the gallant Enterprise, a knight of distinguished valour, and one who had, from his earliest infancy, been the companion of all his childish sports and exploits. The discreet Prudentia beheld their ripening friendship with some degree of anxiety. She well knew the merits of the knight, but she wished rather to curb the ardent spirit of her nephew, than to suffer it to gain an ascendency over his judgment, which she dreaded would eventually be the case, if left entirely to the society of Enterprise, whose adventurous spirit too often hurried him into the wildest extravagancies; though his lively wit, constant good humour, and enthusiastic love of glory, rendered him, in many respects, an eligible companion. Junius, however, saw in his friend none but the most estimable qualities; he loved him with ardent sincerity, and took no pleasure in any diversion, unless it was participated by his lively friend. "To know the full value of what we possess, we must partake it with others," observes the

accomplished Madame de Genlis, and it is a truth which the prince felt the full force of, for in the hour of sickness the attention of his friend afforded him imaginary relief; and in every scene of pleasure, his company encreased his delight. Many courts had solicited the honour of an alliance with prince Junius, but as he had hitherto regarded with indifference all the portraits of beautiful princesses which had been sent to him, and as his aunt, who had so long held the reins of power, was unwilling that any other should supersede her in his affections, and perhaps deprive her of her accustomed influence in all public measures, a total rejection had been made of all the various overtures submitted to her consideration.

The early years of the prince passed away as a delightful dream, in undisturbed serenity—no baleful passions ever disturbed his breast; his thoughts were as pure as the unsullied snow; his wishes bounded by moderation, and his greatest pleasure consisted in acts of benevolence; thus, till the age of sixteen, Junius might be pronounced to be completely happy. But such perfect bliss cannot be allowed to mortals, and about this period an event occurred, which drew the amiable Junius into scenes of peril and difficulty, from which the sagacious admonitions of his aunt were ineffectually employed to guard him. Enterprise, his beloved companion, on a sudden became gloomy and reserved, frequent sighs burst from his bosom, and his fine animated features, were clouded by a pensive sadness, which no one knew how to account for. Junius pressingly solicited to be acquainted with the secret which preyed upon his spirits, and was obliged to assume an air of displeasure, foreign to his heart, before he could prevail on his friend to reveal the truth.—"Impart to me, I command you," said the prince, "the hidden sorrow which has destroyed the cheerfulness so natural to you—it is doing an injustice to my friendship thus to conceal it—have I ever known a sensation of joy, or grief, which I did not communicate to you?—If my

power, my purse, or my advice can be employed to your advantage, can you doubt my zeal to serve you? I am sure you cannot.—Consider me no more as your prince, but as your brother—your tenderest friend."—"Alas! my prince," replied Enterprise, "your goodness overpowers me; how will it grieve your noble, generous heart, to hear that you have been cherishing an ingrate. That breast which you imagined nourished no other sentiment than gratitude and affection towards yourself, has long, too long, throbbed with a passion far less worthy."—"You speak most enigmatically," replied the prince—"the passions, I have been taught to consider as the source of every crime; my dear aunt has frequently pointed out to us the danger attendant on the indulgence of them, and I should have thought that you, my friend, blessed with superior understanding and experience, had steered clear of all those dreadful consequences which she has pointed out to us, and which have made the deepest impression on my mind."—"Happy had it been for me," exclaimed Enterprise, "if my infant years had been superintended by such a preceptress; but unhappily for me, I was left to myself at an age when I most required such a guide, and I was brought on the busy stage of life with ardent feelings and ungoverned passions. Among these, Love was that which obtained most unbounded influence. It is useless to describe to you, my prince, its resistless power; you would think my language the ebullitions of insanity, and your ridicule would wound my feelings in the tenderest point. Nor is this all—shame and grief enchain my tongue —I cannot speak that which will draw on me your eternal displeasure."—"Speak, I entreat you," cried the prince, "these hints serve only to perplex and distract me."—"Well then," replied Enterprise, falling at his feet, "I must quit your presence—become a wretched exile, wandering far from this beloved spot, the scene of all my early joys."—"Impossible!" exclaimed Junius, "you cannot meditate such perfidy; for what, or for whom would you desert the friend

whose life must be embittered without you?—Enterprise! my dear Enterprise! relinquish this cruel idea, I beseech you." The unfeigned distress in which he beheld the prince afflicted Enterprise deeply; he threw himself into the arms of Junius, which were opened in supplication, and with a voice stifled by emotion, cried, "Oh! my prince, this kindness is what I dreaded; had you dismissed me with indignant scorn, or loaded me with the reproaches due to my ingratitude, I could have supported the change with fortitude; but this tenderness, this forbearance, aggravates my anguish, and makes me feel more sensibly the extent of my ingratitude."—"Compose yourself, my friend," returned the prince, leading his companion to an alcove at the bottom of the garden in which they were walking, when the conversation begun, "let us sit here, and you can in confidence relate to me every particular; trust me, I will neither chide nor betray you." The friends then seated themselves, with their hands clasped in each other's, and Enterprise thus commenced his tale:—"Educated in my father's castle with my sister Innocence, was a lovely young virgin, of fascinating manners, named Romancia. I cannot describe to you the progress of our attachment, it is a forbidden subject, and the emotions I should have occasion to dwell upon are entire strangers to your breast. The mind of the fair Romancia was enthusiastic, like my own, and when we were separated by your wish to have me always about your person, we kept up a constant exchange of billets, and met with redoubled rapture after every temporary separation. Alas! this felicity has suddenly vanished; by letters from the Superintendant I learn, that my sister and her lovely companion have both disappeared, and that all search after them has been fruitless. Unwilling to trouble you with my domestic concerns, I forbore to mention this calamity, in the hope that the fugitives had but absented themselves for a frolic, and would soon return; but ten days have elapsed, and no traces of them are yet discovered."—"But have none

of the domestics any idea of the cause of their departure?" enquired the prince.—"It is a most mysterious affair."—"All I can learn is this," replied the knight: "The evening on which they were last in the castle, a little half-clad mendicant appeared at the gate; he begged for shelter, told a piteous tale of being robbed and stripped, and was taken into the presence of my sister and her friend: he spoke of a sick mother, and her distressed orphans, and besought them to afford relief. Romancia seconded his petition, and they all departed together, but have never since been seen or heard of. All that remains for me is to go in search of them, and I am resolved that death alone shall terminate my pursuit, unless it is crowned with success."—"And I will accompany you," cried Junius vehemently; "think not that I will permit you to encounter fatigue and danger, while I am indolently enjoying ease and luxury; no, no, what the arm of one cannot achieve, by two may be effected."—"But consider, my prince," observed Enterprise, "it would ill befit a young sovereign, like you, to accompany an humble knight in a service of such hazard; who knows what perils we may be forced to encounter, or what hardships we may be exposed to; it is not you alone that must suffer, but a whole nation; your aunt would never consent."—"Remonstrate not with me, I beseech you," returned Junius impatiently, "or attempt to dissuade me from what my soul is now bent on; let my aunt still preside in council, and direct affairs of state; it is now time for me to see the world, and profit by the knowledge I may thereby acquire: what a prince must he be who will only assist a friend and subject while reposing on the downy pillow of affluence and indolence!—Say no more, I will go." The friends then embraced, and returned to the palace.

When Prudentia was informed of what had passed, and made acquainted with her nephew's determined resolution, her anger was vehement: she accused Enterprise of a design to decoy him into mischief, and deprecated the day she had

ever permitted him to become the companion of the prince. She told him she had no doubt but that the indiscretion of his sister and her friend, had thrown them into the power of a magician, whose spells were potent and of long duration. "He is a wretch," said she, "surpassing in mischief all I can describe; he assumes every captivating form to delude the senses, and his agents are fiends who possess the arts of dissimulation in the most superlative degree; he entices to pleasure, but conducts to misery*. Oh, I could recite to you innumerable histories of young people who have been his victims: he is a demon who spares neither sex, nor is age always a protection: would you believe it, the monster once caught hold of me, but, thank heaven, I escaped with only the loss of a ruffle and one corner of my apron! Oh, my dear Junius, if you once get into his clutches, your fate will be a wretched one." Junius only smiled at her admonitions, and with a thousand tender endearments entreated her to sanction his wishes; but he was for a long time unsuccessful; at length, however, he triumphed, and she gave him permission to accompany his friend, on condition that he would implicitly observe all her directions, and obey her injunctions in every particular. This prince Junius unhesitatingly agreed to, and she embraced him with maternal affection. Enterprise then repaired to his own castle, to get every thing in readiness, and the prince, fatigued with the business of the day, and willing to prepare himself for new exertions, sought a few hours repose on his couch.

(To be continued.)

* We presume this demon is intended to personate—Desire.

LITERARY BANQUET.

NO. IV.

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.

MRS. Joanna Pitt, of St. Stephen's, near St. Albans, who died there the 20th of June, 1777, was the daughter of John Pitt, aid-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough; she bequeathed to her family, among other legacies, a small piece of gold, of which she left the following account in writing: "The small Danish piece of gold mentioned in my will, which I desire may be kept in my family, was acquired as follows: My father, John Pitt, was aid de-camp to his grace the Duke of Marlborough at the siege of Doway; the army was very sickly, and duty being hard upon the officers, they petitioned his grace that they might do duty in the trenches—an unprecedented request—however his grace, being very humane, consented to it. It was soon my father's turn of duty. His grace's quarters were a large mansion. One day, it being rainy and dirty weather, my father went to receive his last orders: the post allotted to him was a very dangerous one, from which none had escaped without loss of blood or limb: as he was going, he espied in the yard, where hundreds had been before that morning, a small piece of gold, on which was this motto, 'God will provide for you.' It pleased God that my father escaped, and lived to quit the army, and retire with a comfortable fortune. When after that a villain stripped him of all his money and estate, again the same good God raised him up a friend in his Majesty King George the Second, to make him governor of Bermudas, preserved him by sea, and at that place above nine years, brought him safe home, and he lived in comfort to the eighty-ninth year of his age, after all hope had nearly vanished that he should escape. The prophetic motto on this piece being so amply fulfilled, I am

anxious that it may always be kept by my dear father's posterity.

"JOANNA PITT."

Stanzas by an unknown Author, supposed contemporary with Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

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Upon consideration of the state of this life, he wisheth death.

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The longer life, the more offence,
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the less defence,
The less defence the lesser gaine.
The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherefore come death, and let me die.

The shorter life less counte I finde,
The less account the sooner made;
The account soon made, the merrier minde,
The merrier minde doth thought evade.
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore, come death, and let me dye.

Come, gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care the floode of life;
The floode of life the joyful fare,
The joyful fare the end of strife;
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore, come death, and let me die.

Account of Longevity, with some remarkable circumstances attending it.

In St. Martin's church at Leicester, there is an epitaph on Mr. John Heyrick, who died the 2d of April, 1589, aged 76, expressing "that he lived in one house with Mary his wife

52 years, and in all that time buried neither man, woman, nor child, though he had sometimes twenty in family. That his wife lived to be 97 years old, and saw children, grand-children, and great-grand children, to the number of one hundred and forty seven."

Another singular instance.

Michael Honeywood, a dean of Lincoln, was grand-child, and one of the three hundred and sixty seven persons that Mary, the wife of Robert Honeywood, did see before she died, lawfully descended from her, viz. sixteen children, one hundred and fourteen grand-children, two hundred and twenty-eight of the third generation, and nine of the fourth. He was buried in Lincoln minster, and this account is taken from an historical description of that cathedral.

The Origin of Starching.

FROM STOW.

" In the year 1564, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, born at Tænen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province, with her husband came to London, for their better safeties; and there professed herself a *starcher;* wherein she excelled. Unto whom her own nation presently repaired, and payde her very liberally for her work. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the *neatnesse and delicacy of the Dutch, for whiteneese and fine wearing of linen,* made them cambricke ruffs, and sent them to Mrs. Dinghen to starche, and after a while they made them ruffs of lawn, which was at that time a stuff most strange and wonderfull, and thereupon rose a general scoffe, or by-word, that shortly they would make ruffs of a spider's webb; and then they began to send their daughters, and nearest kinswomen, to Mistris Dinghen, to *learne*

how to starche; her usual price was at that time four or five pounds to teach them how to starche, and twenty shillings how to seeth* starche."

The following Epitaph being reckoned one of the most beautiful in the English language, it is presumed it will be an acceptable treat in the Literary Banquet. It is to be seen in Bristol cathedral, and is from the pen of the affectionate husband of its lamented subject.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form:—she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died!—Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak! dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in Beauty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love!
Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee,)—yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 232, Vol. IV.)

HAVING paid the last duty to the memory of the unfortunate Lushington, and obtained satisfactory intelligence respecting his wife, according to my usual mode of travelling, I secured a place in the D—— stage, resolving to follow the advice of my attorney, and try whether my aunt's

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* We presume this word implies the preparation of the starch.

unprincipled housekeeper was to be won over by a bribe. Though my own fortune is sufficiently ample to procure me all the comforts of existence, yet, when I reflected upon the mental and personal attractions my adored Louisa possessed, I considered the bequest of my deceased aunt in a light totally different to what I should have done, had I merely regarded riches for myself. That I was not actually indifferent to the amiable Louisa, observation had convinced me; and that I possessed no small portion of her respected father's esteem, was no less evident, from his manner towards me, and from the assurance he had given me when I tore myself away. Yet as wealth is an attractive magnet in the eyes of most parents, I was persuaded Mr. Middleton would expect an ample settlement for his daughter, and I resolved, if I obtained my legacy, to settle the whole of it upon her; provided my hopes were realized, and the dear angel consented to bless me with her hand. This idea was sufficient to stimulate exertion, and make me resolve not to relinquish my claim, for though an open appeal to law could do little in my favour, yet I flattered myself with the hope that, for a large sum of money, the housekeeper's confidence might be obtained. Full of this hope I entered the vehicle, having first examined the book, for the purpose of making myself acquainted with my fellow travellers' names, when that of *Benson* struck me, and I thought it probable the person might be related to my deceased aunt's unprincipled housekeeper.

The coachman, at my request, had pointed out the party to me, as he was impatiently freting and fuming at the stage not being ready to set off, declaring that if we did not quit the inn in five minutes, he should be under the necessity of *travelling post*. Though this threat neither appeared to hasten nor retard our journey, yet the striking of the clock was a signal for our departure, when Mr. Benson skipped into the coach with the alacrity of a harlequin, and unceremoniously squeezed himself between two females who occupied the front seat, although there was ample space in

the back one, as no person was seated on it but myself. The elder of the two ladies, whose corpulent figure reminded me of a Wapping landlady, soon began to evince striking marks of displeasure, by drawing up her petticoat, and muttering inwardly something about the inconvenience of travelling in a stage.

Finding that hints availed little, and that her companion was resolved to remain in close quarters, she at length fixed her sturdy arms to her side, and by this elegant attitude so completely penned up poor Benson, that his lungs seemed scarcely to have room to play; and bursting through the barrier which had restrained him, he darted into the opposite seat, exclaiming, he believed the fair-one would be a match for Mendoza, or even Big Ben.

The storm, which had long evidently been gathering, now burst upon the devoted Benson's head; who parried off the attacks of his scurrilous antagonist with a vein of humour that augmented her indignation and spleen. It was in vain that the young female endeavoured to soften the resentment of her grandmother, by observing, that her nervous system would suffer by the exertion she made; for the friendly remark, instead of appeasing, only added *fuel* to *flame*. As I saw the poor girl was evidently disconcerted, I endeavoured to give a new turn to the discourse, and as Benson seemed nearly to have exhausted his stock of wit, he took off his hat with an air of gravity, and bowing to his opponent, declared her conqueror; then turning to me, with an arch look said, he hoped it would not be deemed an act of cowardice to yield the palm of victory to a being formed by nature to subdue.

Good-humour having been restored by this concession, the fair Amazonian desired her grand-daughter to open the little red trunk and give her a drop of cordial, declaring herself ready to expire. The young woman, with evident confusion, obeyed the mandate; when, seizing the flask with avidity, she raised it to her lips, then with a smile, which proved the forgiving sweetness of her temper, she

wiped the mouth of the flasket, and presented it to Benson; who courteously receiving it from her rosy hand, began singing, "And when her lip the brim had pressed, the cup with nectar flowed."

As I was desirous of discovering whether my facetious fellow-traveller was any relation to the woman I had so much reason to despise, I carelessly enquired whether we were all likely to be companions till the close of the day.—The ladies answered in the affirmative; but Benson ingeniously informed me, he expected to find a horse and servant waiting for him at the Crown at C——, "for in fact," continued he, "though my spirits seldom fail me, yet I am actually travelling upon a business of life or death; a relation of mine, you must know, Sir, is dying, and I am ummoned to make her will."

"It is a melancholy, though necessary employment," I added; "is your relation a young or an elderly man?"—"Neither," replied Benson; "she is a spinster, about five and forty, and as knowing a one as ever lived; but, from a letter I got last night, I find she has a few qualms of conscience; and faith, between ourselves, she may very well have, for I fancy she has been what I call electioneering, or, in other words, has been bribed to do wrong.—However, I will have nothing to do with foul play; for though the world declares there is no such thing as an honest lawyer, I mean to give the world the lie."

By what a singular train of circumstances are the iniquitous ways of the world unravelled! It was now evident to me, that this honest lawyer was my aunt's housekeeper's relation; I therefore resolved, when we reached C——, to disclose my name and situation to him, and tell him the plan I intended to pursue. When we drove into the Crown yard, I perceived a servant and two horses waiting, who eagerly demanded whether a gentleman of the name of Benson was in the coach; and being answered in the affirmative, he informed my companion he had not any time to lose, as the doctor declared he did not think it pos-

sible his patient could live four and twenty hours. I instantly requested five minutes conversation with the worthy Benson, who no sooner heard my name, than he sprang from his seat, and seizing my hand, shook it with so much violence, that I actually thought he would have dislocated my wrist—His advice was, that I should follow him, and put up my horse at a small public-house at the end of the town, where he promised to meet me as soon as he possibly could.

Having taken leave of my fellow-travellers, and hired a horse from the master of the Crown, I followed the injunction of my friendly attorney, and in less than an hour reached the destined place of abode. The landlord of this humble ale-house was confined to his bed with a fever, and to the ostler my person was a stranger, as he was a newcomer since the death of my aunt—Three hours elapsed before Benson made his appearance, and my patience began to decline, when he darted into the room, clapped me repeatedly upon the shoulder, exclaiming, "I give you joy! but come with me, and you shall hear all about it, for the poor wretch wants to implore your forgiveness before she dies."

What ravages had disease made in the appearance of this wretched woman! scarcely could I believe it was the same creature I had seen in health within the space of a few weeks! As we entered the sick-room the worthy Mr. Hemmington was in the act of leaving it, to whom she had acknowledged that she was present when the will was destroyed.

My readers will recollect that Mr. Hemmington was the gentleman who had been one of the witnesses to my deceased relation's will, and having requested her permission to peruse it at his leisure, he had fortunately taken an exact copy of it. This copy he read to the dying Mrs. Benson, who had made an affidavit that it was exactly similar to that of her departed mistress; and at the same

time acknowledged, that for the promise of two hundred guineas she had connived at my unprincipled cousin's burning the testament which was to put me into the immediate possession of twelve thousand pounds.

As I approached the bed, the truly penitent sufferer said, in a feeble voice, "Oh, Sir, this is more than I deserve! but never have I had one happy minute since you quitted the hall.—Wretch that I was, to belie the memory of such a mistress; and wickedly endeavour to keep you out of your right: but I have suffered enough for my injustice, and I only hope to hear you pronounce my pardon before I die."

"Most sincerely," I replied, "do I forgive the error of your conduct, Mrs. Benson; and should the Almighty in mercy lengthen your existence, I will reward you for the declaration you have made; but as to that abandoned young man, whom I can no longer own as a relation, my vengeance shall pursue him to the farthest extremity of the earth."

"Vengeance belongeth to the Omnipotent!" exclaimed the pious Mr. Hemmington, who had protracted his visit upon seeing me enter the sick-room; "yet a character so depraved as that of your cousin, for the benefit of society, ought to be known; the whole neighbourhood were of opinion that some treachery had been practised, and I have repeatedly written to inform you a copy of the will was preserved, but from some neglect in the post-master I conclude my letters never were delivered."

The rambling life I had led since the death of my revered relation, easily accounted for Mr. Hemmington's letter not reaching my hands; and having taken leave of the apparently dying Mrs. Benson, we quitted the apartment, for the purpose of discussing what would be the most judicious method to adopt.—The worthy lawyer had drawn up a simple matter-of-fact statement, as received from the lips of his penitent relation; from which I found

that only one hundred pounds had been paid in money, but, for the security of the other, my worthless cousin had given his bond. As associates in iniquity, however, frequently deceive each other, the bond had not been drawn upon a paper that was stamped; in consequence of this omission an altercation took place between the parties, which terminated in Mrs. Benson's receiving orders instantly to quit the house; and though the night was tempestuous, and no sanctuary within two miles distance, the unfeeling wretch insisted upon his commands being obeyed. Thus was this ill-fated woman driven from the habitation where she had actually reigned as supreme for near fifteen years; for my revered aunt was so completely attached to her, that she was equally mistress with herself. A violent cold, caught by being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, laid the foundation for that disease, which no medical skill could combat; and the stings of a guilty conscience acting with double force upon a debilitated body, made the poor creature fancy that she had seen the sainted spirit of my aunt, who threatened her with eternal suffering, if she did not disclose the treacherous part she had performed.

Not chusing to expose her conduct to any person in the neighbourhood, fortunately for me, she sent an express to her worthy cousin; but finding herself hourly become weaker, and fearing he might not arrive in time to take her deposition, she dispatched a second messenger to Mr. Hemmington, and was faithfully relating each circumstance that had happened, when the worthy Benson made his appearance.

"If I was a selfish man," said Benson, as we entered a small parlour, "I should advise you to commence a suit against your rascal of a cousin; but as I find he is now at the hall, and confined to his chamber by a sprained ancle, I think we had better sally forth in a body, convince him that his iniquity is found out, and that, unless he instantly

makes ample restitution, he may expect the utmost severity of the law."

As this advice met with general approbation, and as we were not more than two miles from the hall, we each mounted our Rosanantes, and in less than a quarter of an hour entered the park. The door was opened by a servant, to whose person I was a stranger; and, as we had agreed, that Mr. Hemmington's name should only be mentioned, he sent up his compliments to the invalid, adding, that he had a piece of intelligence to communicate, which he trusted would be an apology for calling at such an unseasonable time.

The man returned in a few minutes, requesting Mr. Hemmington to walk up stairs, but looking extremely surprised when he saw Benson and myself prepare to accompany him, though he took care to inform us his master was very ill. As Mr. Hemmington approached the sofa on which the invalid was reclining, he said, "Allow me to introduce Mr. Benson, an eminent attorney in London; with this other gentleman," continued he, "the form would be superfluous, as this house was for many years his asylum and his home."

Never was conscious guilt more strongly depicted upon the human countenance! I actually thought the terrified invader of my property would have fallen to the ground! his tongue for some moments lost the power of articulation; but at length, with evident confusion, he spoke, requested to know the nature of our business, and intreated us to take a seat.

"This deposition of an expiring woman, and my near relation," said Benson, "will completely explain the cause of our visit;" so saying, with great point and pathos, he audibly read a simple detail of facts; "and now, Sir," continued he, upon coming to the close of them, "are you ready to put this gentleman into the immediate possession of the fortune bequeathed to him? or would you prefer

waiting the issue of a court of justice? But in the latter case, I beg leave to say, you must accompany me to London, and remain in a place of confinement, until the law decides your doom."

"Is the attestation of a poor maniac to injure the credit of a man of my fortune?" demanded the culprit; vainly endeavouring to assume a composed air.

"Would to heaven, Mr. ——, that you could have the plea of insanity," said Mr. Hemmington, "for a mode of conduct which must ever stigmatize your name; but let me tell you, young man, an exact copy of your deceased aunt's will is in my possession; to which the now repentant Mrs. Benson has affixed her name, and taken a solemn oath that it is the counterpart of the one which you were depraved enough to commit to the flames."

Finding that deception could no longer avail him, in an attitude of despair he concealed his face, exclaiming, "I throw myself upon your mercy, cousin; and, if you will not publish my depravity, I will give you half of my estate."

Not one farthing would I condescend to receive from the hands of a being whom I had so much reason to despise. "Keep your estate, enjoy it if possible; I require only that fortune to which I have an undoubted claim. To expose the injustice of your conduct, might, in the opinion of some men, be due to society; but as my own character would not be elevated by your degradation, in the presence of these gentlemen, I solemnly assure you that I will never mention the destruction of the will."

The man who, a few weeks before, had treated me with the most supercilious haughtiness, now appeared ready to fall at my feet; and opening an escrutoir, he immediately invested me with the amount of my claim, loading me with expressions of gratitude, and imploring my forgiveness in the most abject terms.

(To be continued.)

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUERY.—What accomplishment is of most utility to a female?

MR. HEARTFREE.

IN the discussion of the question now proposed, gentlemen, it appears to me that we must not merely consider the present advantage, but the permanent benefit derived from any of those accomplishments which give to a female so many powers of attraction; and though the possession of several is judged requisite in the system of modern education, we must form our decision on that which in itself seems likely to compensate for the privation of the rest. Music, dancing, drawing, and the languages, are the usual train of a young lady's acquirements, and to this may be added a small portion of literary knowledge, including a poetical genius; this, though not usually reckoned in the list of accomplishments, is, in my idea, an acquisition which deserves to be classed among them. Now, as to my opinion on the utility of any of these, I cannot say that I am willing to allow an extraordinary share of commendation to either, though, with the rest of the world, I concur in believing a slight acquaintance with each, necessary towards forming an elegant female; nor would I have the knowledge so slight, especially in women of independent circumstances, as to appear the consequence of indolence, or want of capacity to receive instruction—but if, according to the plan of our debates, I am under the necessity of giving a preference to either, it certainly must be music; both as a science, which calls forth the exertions of genius and taste, and as a delightful auxiliary to the endowments of nature, by helping the sweet, yet untutored voice, to modulate its notes, and warble strains of seraphic harmony.—The fascinating power of music harmonizes

every jarring passion of the soul—it can for a while smooth the wrinkled brow of care—fill up those unavoidable intervals of domestic insipidity, and charm us into a forgetfulness of every unpleasant impression.—In short, this is an accomplishment which, of all others, I admire in a female.

MR. CAVIL.

It appears to me, that in his enthusiastic raptures, our friend Heartfree has wholly misunderstood the chief point of the question, which was not to ascertain what accomplishment was supposed to be most attractive, or gratifying to others, but which must prove of most utility to the possessor. I must, therefore, presume to give my opinion in favour of the languages, the knowledge of which gives a female innumerable advantages, which no other accomplishment can bestow—it enables her to discourse without embarrassment with men of various nations, from whom she may gather a fund of useful information; it affords a pleasing variety to her studies, and renders her at once an intelligent traveller, a pleasing companion, and a woman of liberal sentiments.

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

What a prodigy of erudition do we behold! a walking-library I declare! Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Moliere, Kotzebue, Cervantes; O! I shall never get to the end of them. Why, gentlemen, such a woman would study till she was mad, and talk till we were deaf—a learned woman is a torment to society, and a burthen to herself. But what do you think of dancing? Can any thing be more importantly useful to a fine woman than a graceful carriage? it stamps her something above the vulgar—it gives life and animation to her steps, ease to her attitudes, and the glow of health, produced by exercise, to her cheeks. Certainly, gentlemen, dancing is a most useful and elegant accomplishment.

MR. MEANWELL.

It required the utmost exertion of my politeness to hear the arguments so absurdly advanced by Captain Rattle, without interruption; but as I know he frequently speaks without meaning, and good-humouredly argues the point, just by way of keeping up the ball, I will not raise any very pointed objections to what he has advanced, but merely give my observations on that branch of female accomplishments which our friend Heartfree styles poetical genius and literary taste. In my idea this acquisition surpasses every other—it gives pleasure both to the possessor and the partaker—it is a pleasing resource in age, solitude, or sickness—it leads to no vicious indulgencies—it places a woman above the vulgar, and, by rendering her an agreeable correspondent, enables her to give pleasure to others, both absent or present. Besides which, it affords in the hour of indigence a more independent and agreeable mean of subsistence, than that servile and irksome attendance on the caprice of others, which is required from those who undertake to teach music, dancing, or the languages—and even the two last of these are now taught by masters, though propriety seems to dictate that it would be more consistent with delicacy that a female should learn *dancing* in particular from one of her own sex.

MR. PLACID.

It may perhaps be thought presumptuous of me to differ in opinion from arguments so ably supported; but as no one has yet spoken in favour of my favourite accomplishment, I will just take the liberty of bringing it into notice, and supporting its humble claim to the best of my ability. Drawing appears, to my weak judgment, an accomplishment of far more importance than is generally imagined. In all stations, and under all circumstances, it is agreeable and useful—it affords to the independent a delightful recreation in a leisure hour, and brings them acquainted with

the wonderful works of nature—it exercises their ingenuity in forming devices for works of taste and domestic economy; and, I may venture to assert, that a knowledge of drawing regulates even their taste in dress; for you will seldom observe those who excel in this accomplishment disfigure their persons with a vulgar arrangement of drapery, or an ill-judged diversity of colours.—Should necessity call forth a greater exertion of talent, what a wide field is opened to our view—portrait painting, landscape, botany—all of these find ready sale, and contribute both to the emolument and fame of the artist.

After some consideration, the company declared themselves of the same opinion, and the decision was given in favour of drawing; the question was then fixed for the next evening, viz.—

Which is placed in the most unpleasant situation,—The man who marries a second wife, with the children of the first grown up—the woman married under such circumstances—or the children who are thus supplanted in their father's affection?

HE WAS RIGHTLY SERVED.

A TALE.

JACK MORRIS, a gay, fluttering young fellow, with a very handsome fortune, independent of his father, at whose death he had reason to expect (as he was his only son,) a considerable addition, shewed his good taste by falling in love with a Miss Fenton, who had many useful and agreeable accomplishments, and at the same time evinced a generous disposition, as her fortune was too small to be an object. In this mercenary age a disinterested lover is rather a phenomenon, and whenever he appears is more ridiculed than applauded; and several of Jack's worthy friends were

provokingly merry at his eagerness to rush into the marriage state, without improving his circumstances.

Miss Fenton had, long before Jack addressed her, felt a tender inclination for him, and that inclination was certainly encreased by the generosity of his behaviour.

It is true he had dangled after many girls, whispered soft nothings in their ears, but never coming to the point, he was pronounced, on account of his fickleness, to be in no danger of matrimony. Those friends, therefore, who laughed at him when they heard of his attachment to Miss Fenton, were extremely surprised when he told them that his wedding-day was absolutely fixed.

Miss Fenton, while the preparations were making for her marriage with the man who was necessary to her happiness, received many previous congratulations from people who had a particular regard for her, and she received them with a sincere satisfaction, being too much flattered by her approaching prospects, to entertain a thought of her lover's inconstancy. Orphan as she was, and slenderly provided for, in consequence of the indiscretions of her father, who after having destroyed the peace of an amiable wife, terminated his own existence in a rash fit of despair, and left his helpless child to struggle through the world unprotected and friendless, she considered the distinguished preference shewn her by young Morris as a providential event, and prepared for the final completion of her wishes with pleasure inexpressible.

Some deeply reflecting ladies will be apt to say, perhaps, that the woman who feels herself so satisfied before the last ceremony is performed, too hastily confides in the fidelity of her lover, and leaves her mind unguarded against a disappointment, arising from his desertion. Miss Fenton was too much under the influence of love to be swayed by such considerations; she, therefore, gave loose to the emotions of her heart, and firmly relied on Morris's carrying his generous design in her favour into execution, at the time appointed.

On the evening before the day fixed for the wedding, Morris was engaged with a party of select friends, to whom he gave a very elegant entertainment, as the last which he should give as a Benedict. They were all very merry upon the occasion, and no body in the room set it more loudly in a roar than Morris himself, who was extravagantly facetious, and threw out more jokes of high humour than ever he had done before. The night, however, was not entirely devoted to Bacchus; they did not push the bottle about with a thoughtless velocity, as if they wanted to drink each other into a state of frenzy, or stupefaction; cards were called for before their intellects were drowned in claret. They played till the morning was pretty far advanced; and Morris left the tavern with such an addition to his fortune, that he hardly knew how he got home, so much was he intoxicated by his success.

When he reached his lodging he found a note from Miss Fenton, in which she gently chid him for his delay, but in the most delicate terms, and declared, at the same time, that she was apprehensive of his being suddenly taken ill, as she had not seen him at the hour appointed the preceding day.

Morris, before this note was put into his hands, had totally forgot that his wedding-day was actually arrived; but the contents of it sufficiently reminded him of his matrimonial agreement. He did not, however, on the recollection of his wedding-day, find himself in the least disposed to keep his appointment. A passion, very different from love, had now taken possession of his breast: Avarice had driven away from it all generous feelings, and he determined not to marry till he could meet with a woman whose fortune was adequate, if not superior to his own. Urged by this determination, he sat down and wrote the following lines to Miss Fenton:—

"MADAM,

"As I scorn to act in a manner unbecoming a gentleman,

I will not keep you a moment in suspense respecting the apparent inattention of which I have been guilty.—I certainly did recollect that this was the day on which I was to have been made happy in the possession of your hand—but unlooked-for circumstances have obliged me to relinquish that honour in favour of some other more worthy candidate, and I sincerely hope you will soon meet with one better calculated to contribute to your happiness, than your respectful humble servant,

* * *Tavern.* "JOHN MORRIS."

As soon as Miss Fenton read the beginning of the above extraordinary epistle, her colour changed; she trembled while she read on, violently agitated at once by love and resentment; and when she came to the concluding words, fell back in her chair, without any signs of life. With difficulty her friends brought her to herself, but the return of her senses only enabled her to feel her cruel disappointment with double anguish; her sorrow became almost insupportable; she was every hour more and more tired of her life: she wished to die, to be removed from a world in which the misery of her mind every hour increased.

When Morris heard of the dreadful situation into which he had thrown an amiable woman, who had in no shape merited so unkind, so very blameable a behaviour from him, he was listening, with great attention, to the account given him by one of his intimate friends, of a young widow lately arrived from the West Indies, with a handsome fortune in her own possession. The intelligence, which would have melted the heart of a man who had any sensibility, did not put him into the slightest emotion; he coolly replied, "Poor girl! I am sorry for her: she certainly loved me—and so, Sir," continued he, turning to the gentleman to whose information he had been attending with a greedy curiosity, "Mrs. Jennings is actually worth the money you have mentioned."

The gentleman confirmed what he had said, and recom-

mended him to her lawyer for a further confirmation, if he did not credit his word.

Morris had some doubts, as his intelligencer was the man by whose ill-luck at the * * * * he had gained a very unexpected addition to his fortune. He went, therefore, to Lincoln's Inn, and came back from Mr. ——'s apartments sufficiently encouraged to take measures to be introduced to Mrs. Jennings. The gentleman, whose veracity he had secretly suspected, offered to procure an interview between them, and Morris accepted of his offer with a great deal of pleasure.

At the Theatre, one night soon afterwards, Morris sat in the same box with Mrs. Jennings. As he was not in the least bashful, he opened a conversation with her; and as she was not at all of a reserved disposition, she chatted with him in the freest manner imaginable. When the entertainments of the evening were over, he handed her to her carriage, and she invited him to breakfast with her the next morning. He kept his appointment most punctually, and after a few visits made his addresses to her in form: matters were soon settled between them, and they were married.

Miss Fenton, deeply afflicted as she was by the desertion of her lover, on the very day she expected to fix him for her husband, flattered herself some times with the hopes of his repenting, and of his returning, in consequence of his repentance, to fulfil the engagements he had broken. By his marriage with Mrs. Jennings, her hopes were totally crushed, and she did not survive the distracting news above a month.

In a short time after Miss Fenton's death, Morris was severely punished for being the cause of it. Instead of having married a woman with a prodigious fortune, he soon discovered that he had tied himself to a female adventurer immensely in debt. By the payment of his wife's debts, his income would not discharge his out-goings, and her continual extravagances drove him to a goal. No friend

pitied him; every person said that *he was rightly served.*—Whilst he was in prison his father died, without leaving him a shilling.

When he was informed that his ruin was completed by this last blow, he sunk into a state of gloomy despondency, from which nothing could rouse him but the rattling of the dice, or the maddening liquor, which is too frequently the last resource of the wretched. Step by step he precipitated himself into the gulph of misery, and died unlamented and despised.

M. P. M.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE;

A COLLECTION OF USEFUL FAMILY RECEIPTS.

1.

TO MAKE A BEAUTIFUL BRONZE COLOUR, FOR CHIMNEY-ORNAMENTS, &c.

BRONZE colour, in imitation of the metal, is now become fashionable for various articles of furniture, and was invented by the colourmen of Paris, who make two sorts of it, namely, the red bronze, and the yellow or golden: the latter is made solely of the very finest and brightest copper dust; the former is prepared of the same material, by adding a small proportion of well pulverised red ochre. Both are applied with varnishes to the outside of substances, in the same manner as gold is washed on for gilding; but to prevent it from turning green, the bronzed work should, as soon as laid on, be carefully dried over a chafing-dish with charcoal.

2.

ACORN COFFEE.

Acorns, or the seeds of the oak, formed no small part of the diet of the ancient Germans and Britons; and the de-

sire to possess what was then considered as a table delicacy, was often a cause of hostilities between various nations. They been have seldom used for medicinal purposes, though Dr. Marx, in describing the various properties of acorn coffee, asserts that this preparation has often removed nervous complaints, when all other remedies have been tried in vain. The following is his method of preparing the acorn coffee.—Take sound and ripe acorns, peel off their shells, or husks, divide the kernels, and after gradually drying, roast them in a close vessel, keeping them in continual motion. In this process, however, particular attention should be paid that they may not be burnt, nor roasted to excess. Take of the powder, when ground like other coffee, half an ounce, or about four small tea-spoonfuls, every morning and evening; using it either alone, or mixed with one tea-spoonful of real coffee, and sweetened with sugar. This kind of coffee has, by the frugal housewife, been used as an article of domestic economy; and several foreign practitioners affirm, that it is an effectual remedy in asthmatic and pectoral complaints. We do not, however, recommend it for constant use, as it possesses an astringent quality, and consequently those who might wish to use it, must previously consider their general habit of body.

3.

ÆTHER.

Various opinions have been held respecting the precise nature of this subtle matter; by some it is supposed to be a fluid of a peculiar kind, and confined to the regions above our atmosphere; by others, a substance so subtle and penetrating, as to be intimately diffused through the air, and to insinuate itself into the pores of all other bodies. Æther is now principally considered as a chemical composition; it is a combination of vitriolic acid and spirits of wine, and is used for a variety of medical purposes. The head-ach is often cured by rubbing the temples with it: and Dr. Con-

ger asserts, that a tea-spoonful of it applied to the affected jaw, for some time, is a never-failing remedy for the most excruciating tooth-ach. It is also used in cases of rheumatism, gout, and hooping-cough, with great success. In a paroxysm of suffocative asthma, and all those diseases whereby the organs of respiration are affected, hysterical complaints, or hiccups, half a tea-spoonful of æther, quickly poured into a table-spoonful of water, and swallowed immediately, will produce instant relief. We must, however, caution whoever tries this remedy, to limit themselves to the quantity prescribed; and never to attempt swallowing it without water, as immediate suffocation may be the consequence. The bottle in which it is kept must have a small quantity of water in it, to prevent evaporation, for which reason it should also stand with the cork downwards, as the water being heaviest will sink, and prevent the air from penetrating.

4.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.

Alabaster, or marble, may be cleansed from stains, and restored to its pristine beauty, by the following process:—Beat pumice stones to an impalpable powder, and mix it up with verjuice; let it stand for two hours, then dip into it a sponge, and rub the marble well; then wash it with a linen cloth and fresh water, and dry it with clean linen rags: or, if the marble is not much discoloured, mix a quantity of pearl-ash with soft white soap, and cover the marble thickly; let it remain on two or three days, then wash it off with hot water and a clean flannel, and it will look extremely well.

5.

CAJEPUT OIL.

This oil is brought from the East Indies, and resembles that of Cardamums; its uses are little known in this coun-

try, and is rarely to be had, even in the chemists' shops. In chronic inflammations of the eyes great benefit has been derived, by pouring a few drops of it upon a soft white linen cloth, and letting it evaporate while the head is bent over it; the cloth should afterwards be tied over the eyes for the night. In acute rheumatism and the gout this ethereal oil has been known to afford immediate relief, when the affected part has been anointed with it, as it has a remarkable tendency to open the pores; it is also highly beneficial in violent head-achs, when applied to the temples, or inhaled through the nostrils. But its most remarkable effect is in that painful complaint the tooth-ach; from whatever cause this malady may proceed, the cajeput oil has been found efficacious in removing it, if dropped on lint and placed in the cavity of the tooth, or round the gum. Hence it deserves to have a place in the medicine chest of every private family*.

6.

TOOTH-POWDER.

From the private Recipe of an eminent Dentist.

Take one ounce of powder of myrrh, an equal quantity of orris powder and pulverised coral, mix them well with two ounces of bole armenia, and it will make a safe and pleasant dentrifice, at a very trifling expence.

7.

CHOPPED HANDS.

Those who are troubled with this unpleasant complaint, will find relief by dissolving a few grains of borax in warm water, with the addition of pure honey. The juice of

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* This oil may be had in the greatest purity at the shop of Messrs. Coxwell and Bromel, Fleet Street.

lemon is also serviceable, but is apt to render the skin more tender, and liable to fresh injury from the inclemency of the weather.

8.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.

This useful fruit may be preserved in small quantities for a greater length of time by the following process, than by any other—First completely dry a glazed jar, then put a few pebbles at the bottom, fill it with apples wiped dry and free from bruises, then cover them with a piece of wood exactly fitted, and fill up the cavity which remains with fresh mortar. The pebbles attract the moisture of the apples, and the mortar excludes the entrance of any air; care must be taken to fix the wood so that it may not press upon the fruit.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. VII.

Rules of the Annuity Fund, established for the Benefit of Governesses, written by Miss Hamilton. Published by Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard. 1*s.*

WE notice this little pamphlet chiefly in the hope of making it more generally known, that such an institution is established, which cannot but afford satisfaction to every benevolent heart, as it was suggested with the laudable motive of affording a permanent relief to age and indigence; and we hope it will meet with such generous encouragement, as will enable the fund to discharge every claim with security and liberality.

The fair author has, with perspicuity and address, pointed out the advantages of such an institution, in a manner most likely to appeal to the sensibility of the

reader. We transcribe a few of her preliminary observations:—

"To women who have received the advantages of a liberal education, no other resource, if destitute of fortune, is presented than that of engaging in the task of instruction. But when they enter on its laborious duties, no prospect of attaining to a period fraught with ease and independence animates their exertions. To secure to themselves the protection of a home, and a present maintenance, are the objects which bound their humble hopes; and even to enable them to substantiate hopes so limited, many qualifications are requisite.

"None are qualified to instruct others, who have not themselves received instruction; nor can the branches of polite education, of which every governess is expected to be mistress, be attained without trouble and expence. The increase of salaries has, of late years, kept pace with the increase of the required qualifications; but in few instances are the salaries sufficient to enable the individual to provide for the decline of life; though they are, at the same time, in few instances so limited as not to afford more than sufficient for the supply of present wants. By associating in the formation of a fund, established upon the surest principle of calculation, and governed by rules which it will be the interest of the individuals to keep inviolate, and the interest of society to protect from violation, they will have an opportunity of laying out the overplus of their annual income in a way that must eventually prove more advantageous than any which they can at present possess. When it is recollected, that among the gentlewomen who are now employed in the business of tuition, there are many who were born to better prospects; many who, after having received the advantages of a liberal education, have, by a change of circumstances, been obliged to descend from their rank in life, and to earn their bread"—we may add, embittered by the humiliating idea of dependence;—"by those talents and acquirements, which were once the orna-

ment of a higher station; the subsequent misfortunes which deprive them of this resource, must render them objects of peculiar interest to every generous and feeling heart. Blindness, or insanity, or incurable disease, are calamities which not all the goods of fortune can in any great degree alleviate. But when any of these misfortunes seize a young and unprotected female, filling the situation of governess in a school, or private family, from which she must of necessity be dismissed at the very period when she stands most in need of assistance, how greatly is the evil aggravated!"

Having thus extracted as much of the plan as may serve to recommend it to the notice of the readers, we shall just take the liberty of observing, that we think one part of it rather objectionable. It appears to us, that the age of fifty-five is a period to which few females can look forward with very buoyant hopes, consequently, many may be deterred from becoming members, from the very idea that such a provision may never be enjoyed by them; at fifty a comfortable retreat from the fatigues of active life is both desirable and necessary, and should the fund be found adequate to the support of such early claims, we think it would be found far more eligible to fix the commencement of the annuity at that period.

Obsolete Ideas, in Six Letters, addressed to Maria. Hatchard, Piccadilly.

This amusing little volume contains much good sense and useful instruction. The subjects treated of are not the mere common place improprieties, which the writings of the day so generally satirize, but are such as by escaping casual observation are more extensively injurious to society, and we feel surprised to discover, in an apparently trifling work, reflections which turn our thoughts to our own errors, and point out the hidden sources of those foibles which, through carelessness, grow into crimes, and corrupt

the morals of the rising generation.—The following little extract, as it contains a lesson of much signification to females in general, we recommend to the notice of our fair readers:—

"CHASTE WOMEN AND WOMEN OF CHARACTER.

"If you remember, Maria, I once gave you a hint of a distinction between a chaste woman and a woman of character; you appeared surprised, always having supposed that a woman of character was of course chaste. It is, I believe, a common idea, but observation has taught me to form a different opinion. I cannot call that woman chaste, who does not love virtue for its own sake, and anxiously use all her powers to promote it in both sexes, by actions, words, and looks. The decorums of society, and its general usages, make many women of character; but chastity is the offspring of purity. When a chaste woman only hears of the seduction of an innocent girl, her soul is filled with indignation, sorrow, and tenderness; indignation at the very thought of the seducer, though he should be her own brother; sorrow, that her party is weakened by the loss of a member; tenderness for the victim of credulity, beguiled by artful insinuation and wicked protestations. Poets, historians, and novel writers, have filled the world with the wonders done by woman's eyes; now, if the fact is so, and no gentleman will dare to dispute it, and few ladies will be inclined, we will therefore take it for granted. If, then, you possess such wonderful powers, let them all be exerted in the cause of religion and virtue. You will naturally ask, how are female attractions calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue? I answer, that if they were made as much use of in the right way as they are in the wrong, they would almost create a new world: if young women would frown out of their society the profane swearer, and the witty scoffer at piety and morality, and let their eyes speak the disgust they feel at the approach of the man of professed gallantry, we should soon

have a better description of young men. I do not call upon you, or wish you to preach, but with your eyes; or at any time to break the rules of good-breeding; it is not necessary, for the Spectator says, "Good-breeding is an artificial good-nature, and, as such, calculated to promote the peace of society;" but, without any indecorum, you may look and act on the side of virtue; as, for instance, two gentlemen enter the drawing-room, the one a man of acknowledged good character, the true friend of your sex; the other, (perhaps the most pleasing of the two,) a reputed libertine, a seducer: they each approach you to pay their compliments, you receive the libertine with a cold reserve, nor on any account suffer a smile to escape you, and cut short the conversation as fast as possible, nor by any means let a polite and fascinating attention bribe you to the smallest appearance of approbation of such a character. The other you receive with an ingenious freedom, you enter into conversation, you relax your countenance, and your smiles speak the plaudits of your heart to the man of worth.—The libertine will perceive that you are enlisted on the side of virtue, and will, perhaps, not hazard a second mortification; and, if he met with such treatment from every one in every circle he entered, he must become quite another character, or quit society.

"You see, Maria, I do not recommend to you a system of prudery; a general reserve to the other sex is, I think, no mark of a good mind, but you must not blend characters; the libertine man, or libertine woman, you must treat with the utmost reserve; and the moment the breath of impurity assails you, you must, like the sensitive plant, be shut up in yourself. Nothing short of a pointed reserve in the behaviour of chaste women, when they accidentally meet in company with bad men, can produce a revival of ancient virtue and conjugal fidelity."

Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia, by Madame Cottin. Appleyard, Wimpole Street; and Oddy, Newgate Street.

THIS charming little work is a translation from the French, and, unlike most other translations, loses nothing of the spirit and interest contained in the original. If, as the author asserts, the tale is founded upon facts, its heroine is the most amiable pattern of filial affection that ever existed; Elizabeth, educated under the fostering care of an unfortunate exiled parent, in the gloomy desarts of Siberia, knows not any other sentiment than the most animated affection for the suffering authors of her existence. In the hope of obtaining a pardon, which in their own persons they never dare to solicit, she forms the heroic, not to say romantic, idea of undertaking a pedestrian journey to Petersburgh, where, at the feet of the emperor, she resolves to solicit justice and mercy. The adventures she met with during this perilous pilgrimage, form the principal interest of the story, which is related with perspicuity and elegance. The following extract is selected as a specimen of the affecting simplicity with which the character of the heroine is depictured:—

"Elizabeth had been nearly three months on her journey from Sarapol to Voldimar, but through the kind hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never receive payment for milk and bread, her little treasure had not yet been exhausted, but now all began to fail; her feet were almost bare, and her ragged dress ill-defended her from a frigidity of atmosphere, which encreased daily. The ground was covered with a snow more than three feet deep; sometimes it congealed while falling, and appeared like a shower of ice, so thick, that earth and sky were equally concealed from the view; at other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost impassable, or gusts of wind arose so violent, that Elizabeth, to defend herself from their rude assaults, was forced to shelter herself under the snow, covering her head with large pieces of the bark of pine trees, which she

dexterously stripped off, as she had seen done by the peasants of Siberia. One of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow in thick clouds, and created an obscurity so impenetrable, that Elizabeth, no longer able to discern the road, and stumbling at every step, was obliged to stop; she took refuge under a high rock, against which she clung as firmly as she could, to withstand the fury of a storm, which overthrew all around her. Whilst she was in this perilous situation, with her head bent down, a confused noise, that seemed to issue from behind the spot where she stood, created a hope that a better shelter might be procured; she gained the opposite side of the rock with difficulty, and discovered a kibitki*, which had been overturned and broken, and at a little distance a hut; she hastened to demand entrance, an old woman opened the door, and, struck at the wretchedness of her appearance—"My poor child," said she, "from whence do you come, wandering thus alone in this dreadful weather?" To this interrogation Elizabeth made her usual reply—"I come from beyond Tobolskow, and am going to Petersburgh, to solicit my father's pardon." At these words, a man who was sitting in a dejected posture in a corner of the room, suddenly raised his head from between his hands, and regarding Elizabeth with an air of astonishment, exclaimed—"Is it possible that thou comest from such a remote country alone, in this state of distress, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit pardon for your father? Alas! my poor child would perhaps have done as much, but the barbarians tore me from her arms, leaving her in ignorance of my fate. She knows not what is become of me; she cannot plead for mercy—no—never shall I behold her again—this afflicting thought will kill me—separated for ever from my child, I cannot live.—Now, indeed, that I know my doom, I might inform her of it—I have written a letter to her, but the carrier belonging to this kibitki, who is returning to Riga, the place of her abode, will not undertake

* A travelling car.

the charge of it, without some small compensation, and I cannot offer the most trifling; not a single kopeck do I possess: the barbarians have stripped me of every thing." Elizabeth produced her last ruble, and blushing deeply at the insignificance of the offering, said, in timid accents, as she presented it to the unfortunate stranger, "If that would be enough ——." He pressed to his lips the generous hand held forth to succour him, and hastened to make a proposal to the carrier. Like to the widow's mite, heaven bestowed its blessing on the offering: the carrier was satisfied, and took charge of the letter. Thus did her noble sacrifice produce a fruit worthy the heart of Elizabeth; it retrieved the agonized feelings of a parent, and carried consolation to the wounded bosom of a child.

"When the storm was abated, Elizabeth, before she pursued her journey, embraced the old woman, who had bestowed upon her all the care and tenderness of a mother, and said, in a low voice, that she might not be heard by the stranger, "I have nothing left to give; the blessing of my parents is the only recompence I have to offer for your kindness, it is the only treasure I possess."—"How," interrupted the old woman, aloud, "My poor child, have you then given away your all?" Elizabeth coloured, and looked down. The stranger started from his seat, and raising his hands to heaven, threw himself upon his knees before her—"Angel, that thou art," said he, "can I make no return to thee, who hast thus bestowed thy all upon me." A knife stood upon the table, Elizabeth took it up, and cutting off a lock of her hair, presented it to him, saying, "Sir, as you are going into Siberia, you will see the governor of Tobolskow; give him this, I beseech you, and tell him—Elizabeth sends it to her parents; he will perhaps permit this token, to convey to them the knowledge of their child's existence."—"Your will shall be executed," answered the stranger; "and if I have my liberty in those desarts, of which I am to be an inhabitant, I will seek out the dwelling of your parents, that I may tell them what their child has done for me this day."

ON ROMAN CATHOLIC FORMS.

CONFESSION, so much derided by protestants, might, if restricted to its original purpose, promote true piety, by recalling to the mind past transgressions; for conscience habitually slumbers, unless roused by strict examination.—Ignorance and superstition have degraded the most salutary forms of religion, and given ample employment to reformers; fortunate will it be, if, in lopping off all the *superfluous* branches, they do not leave the *body* to perish.

THE PASSIONS.

THE passions are the winds which set our vessel in motion, and reason is the pilot appointed to guide it; without the winds it proceeds not, and without the pilot it must be lost.

Observations on the Fashions.

THE hair continues to be worn without any alteration.—The bonnets are universally made in the Queen of Scots shape, either of crape or sarsnet.—Pelisses of coloured muslin are very general, and are made to correspond with the bonnet.—A variety of elegant ornaments, wrought in silver, have been lately invented, which, on coloured dresses, have a most beautiful effect; pale primrose, pink, and blue, are the prevailing colours.—Artificial flowers, or light fancy feathers, are generally worn. The canary-grass striped ribbon is particularly fashionable, and has a pleasant cool appearance.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—FULL DRESS—A dress of primrose sarsnet, half dress of white crape, richly embroidered.—A Spanish hat, the colour of the dress, ornamented with feathers.

Fig. 2.—EVENING DRESS—A plain dress of white muslin; a scarf shawl of silk, and hat of silk, to correspond with the colour of the shawl.

LONDON DRESSES for AUGUST.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry. August 1st 1808.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO CUPID.

BEGONE artful God, bound with ribbons so gay,
Nor strike more a wound in my heart;
For no longer I'll list to thy love-warbling lay,
That's left me such anguish and smart.

O had I but known what would be the result,
I ne'er should have listen'd to thee;
Who my promises, offers, and vows, didst insult,
And hast spoilt all my frolic and glee.

Then away, naughty Cupid, thou mischievous elf,
Whose sports are as light as a bubble;
And take with thee, sirrah, thy darts to thyself,
For thou shalt no more give me trouble.

And to Hymen, thy brother, this message convey,
Who is anxiously waiting for thee,
That he at his altar no longer need stay,
For there he will never see me.

Finsbury, July 6, 1808. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL, Friendship! offspring of celestial power,
Whose social influence chains the human soul,
Beguiles in mirth the leaden-footed hour,
And bids the tide of conversation roll.

And when, by poverty's penurious hand,
Oppress'd with care, is struck th' ill-fated wretch,
Thou, touched with pity, smile'st with features bland,
And to th' afflicted deign'st thy hand to stretch.

But ah! too oft in flattery's specious guise,
Deceitful man, with thine ethereal glow,
Bids the soft tear steal from his pit'less eyes,
With breast absorbed in sympathetic woe.

And while he seems t' administer relief,
With all the seeming frankness of a friend,
The bending suppliant into deeper grief
He headlong hurls, to seek a desperate end.

Finsbury, July 6, 1808. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

SONNET, ON EVENING.

LO! in the crimson regions of the west
Declining Phœbus shoots his parting ray;
Now dark'ning shadows ev'ry field invest,
While weary sylvans homeward bend their way.

The distant hills assume a ruddy glow,
No more the tuneful birds their notes prolong,
For all is mute, save when in warblings slow,
The dulcet wood-lark pours her evening song.

Or where is heard, across the dewy lea,
Sweet Philomela, in some waving grove,
Whilst cooling zephyrs fan the rustling tree,
Tuning her pipe to melody and love.

O! gentle eve, clad in thy wonted veil,
Thee may I woo whene'er thy shades prevail.

WILLIAM BROWN.

MINCING-LANE, FENCHURCH-STREET,
July, 2, 1808.

TO A YOUNG LADY

SLEEPING ON A BENCH IN A GARDEN.

1.

SLEEP on, sweet maid, let nought disturb thy rest,
May happy dreams thy youthful fancy charm,
While gentle zephyrs play around thy breast,
And Cupids watch, to shelter thee from harm.

2.

Though roses blush around, in all their pride,
And violets issue sweets from every spray,
Yet all their lovely beauty stands untried,
For thou art fairer, fairer far than they.

3.

The lilies, when they view thy lovely breast,
Must yield the palm to thy superior charms,
Charms which may be suppos'd, but not express'd,
And much too worthy for a mortal's arms.

4.

But wherefore should I praise this beauteous maid,
Since her fond charms I'm ne'er design'd to prove;
Yet, in whatever sphere I'm doom'd to tread,
While life endures, I ne'er shall cease to love.

Commercial-Road. ROBERT STIRLING.

TO A MALE COQUET.

ACCOMPLISH'D, graceful, gay, and brave,
You caught my youthful eye,
Ere reason sought to check each thought,
Which hope might else supply.

A little notice wins a heart
Already prepossest;
You noticed me, my heart was free,
And you became its guest.

But soon with fickle art you strove
To torture and perplex;
For well 'twas known that you alone
I loved, of all your sex.

'Tis true I boast not charms to win
A roving thoughtless mind,
By beauty lured, by wealth secured,
To truth and honour blind.

Ungenerous youth, no longer fear
Pursuit from her you shun;
What merit gains, and worth obtains,
By scorn is soon undone.

Go then, ungrateful as thou art,
Pursue thy giddy round;
Try if among gay fashion's throng
A heart more true is found.

ELIZA.

LINES

Written extempore on the back of a Profile of Miss W---dl---d B---dg---r, Somersetshire.

ALTHOUGH thou'rt fair, divinely fair,
With hazel eyes, and auburn hair,

Yet in this profile *I* can trace
Each well-known beauty of thy face;
To *me* the smiles with truth display'd,
And ev'ry feature well pourtrayed;
For memory aids my gazing eye,
In which thy features ne'er can die,
Nor yet thy virtues be effac'd,
Till mem'ry's self shall be eras'd.

London, July 9, 1808. V. I. X.

THE BENIGHTED WANDERER.

LOUD and long blew the wind o'er the wide spreading heath,
When a night-wilder'd maid sought her late peaceful home;
Each shriek of the blast seem'd the summons of death,
Her heart wildly throbb'd, and she scarce drew her breath,
Yet she found not her path, but was still doom'd to roam.

Alas! Maid of Beauty! thy search will be vain;
No star-beam appears to illumine thy way;
Darkness sits on the steep, her black robe spreads the plain,
And the spirit of Fear fills thy bosom with pain,
For thou never again wilt behold the bright day.

Soon she came where the river roll'd turbid and deep,
Unconscious of danger, unknowing her doom;
She fell from the bank, it was rugged and steep,
She sunk in the stream 'neath the whirlpool's wild sweep,
And the beautiful maid found a watery tomb.

J. M. L.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

The idea from an old piece of Poetry, published in 1658. See page 264 of our last Vol.

FAIR Maid! observe these blooming flow'rs,
The Lily and the Rose;
And learn from whence their varied pow'rs,
The beauteous blossoms chose.

Thy life-warm blush the rose hath caught,
From beauty's brightest cheek;
Where rising with pure virtue fraught,
It more than words can speak.

The lily ne'er so spotless grew,
Nor bloom'd so fair and bright,
Till from thy arm the flow'ret drew
A purer, chaster white.

July, 1808. J. M. L.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WEEPING ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

CEASE Mary, cease those pearly drops to shed,
Nor mourn thus sadly on thy fav'rite dead;
For since his web is spun, his race is o'er,
Those tears of fondness will avail no more.
His fate is truly blest, in bliss he dies,
Since his grave's water'd by those lovely eyes.
O! were thy softer thoughts engaged on me,
With half that tenderness and sympathy,
Th' unbounded rapture that my breast would prove,
Would equal only my most ardent love,
Transport my senses to elysian bliss,
And extirpate each thought to cherish this.

Commercial-Road. ROBERT STIRLING.

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

TELL me not of Nature's treasures,
Verdant fields, and azure skies;
Lost to me are all those pleasures,
Which her happy children prize.

Yon fragrant bud, the garden's pride,
Expands to hail the genial day;
Torn from its parent's fostering side,
It withers, droops, and dies away.

Friendship may, with charms inviting,
Lull my cares awhile to rest;
And in Sympathy delighting,
Fill with bliss my youthful breast.
Love may spread his tempting snares,
And my simple heart beguile;
But all these pleasures change to cares,
Unsanction'd by a parent's smile.

CHARADE.

ON the bright bosom of the lake
My *first* is often seen to glide,
All spotless as the snowy flake
That falls upon the trembling tide.

My *second* tends the monarch's sleep,
To luxury and ease is known;
While Virtue sometimes wakes to weep,
Ah, me! for love, or friendship flown.

When cloath'd with snow the leafless tree,
And earth in icy chain is bound,
My *whole*, on female forms you'll see,
Soft gliding o'er the sparkling ground.

JAMES.

AN ENIGMA.

BOLD as a champion I my force maintain,
And trample down whole numbers of the slain;
No feet I boast, but teeth that manage all,
And make submit, from greater to the small:

Sublime's the place where I engage my foes;
On topmost hills, no bounds my conquest knows.
Edged on by honour, I my passage clear,
And against squadrons open war declare:
When, by success, the victory I gain,
Content in snug retirement I remain.

XX. M. P. M.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

YOUR Enigma is light as the *air*, at the best,
For the *wind* blows from North, South, the East, and the West.

W---b---n. M. T.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are particularly obliged to those friends who favour us with copies of their works for our review, and will pay them the earliest attention that the limits of our work will admit of.

The Sonnet to Eve is too incorrect for insertion. The author will perceive that we have done justice to the merits of his other productions.

The Drama shall appear next month; as shall also the translation of a French Tale. Various favours, by the same author, remain for inspection.

The Correspondent who sent a letter on the subject of Divorces forming part of the female dress, must observe, that the Old Woman has been concluded some months; but in our last number he will find the subject of his animadversions handled with rather more delicacy than he thought necessary.

"On the Sale of Wives," in our next. This ingenious writer has our thanks.

We must beg of our poetical correspondents never to write on the reverse side of the paper, as it has frequently been the occasion of the piece being mislaid, when the first side has been printed. We are concerned to say that such has been the case with "Anna's Tomb," and have to entreat the author's indulgence.

Duchess of Bolton.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharp Oct.r 1.st 1806.